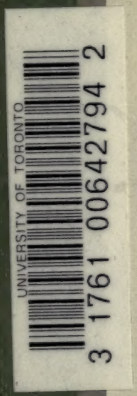

Hodgson, Ralph
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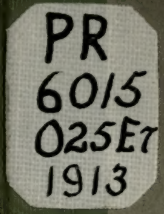


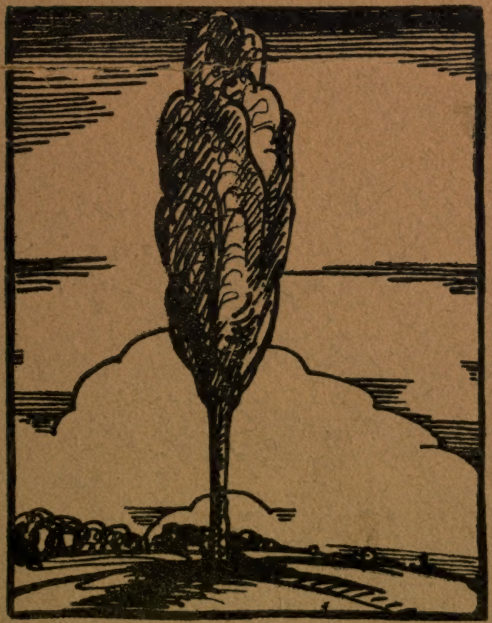
By the forgetful waters they wept.
Alfred de Bury

No. 1.

EVE

AND

Other Poems.



By ***RALPH HODGSON.***

PRICE SIXPENCE.

EVE

AND

Other Poems.

By

RALPH HODGSON.

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1913.

to Rudolf Besier —

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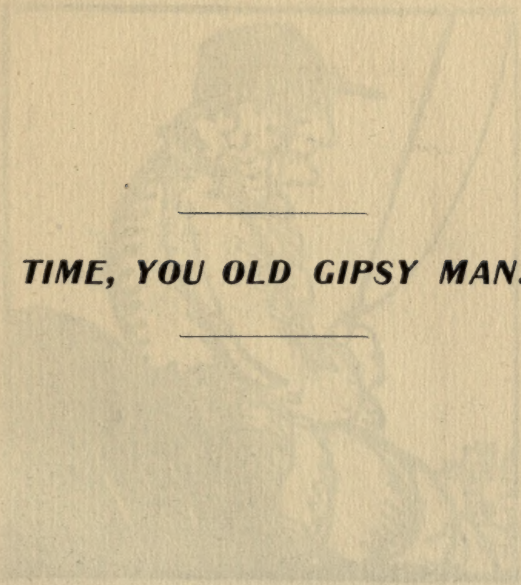
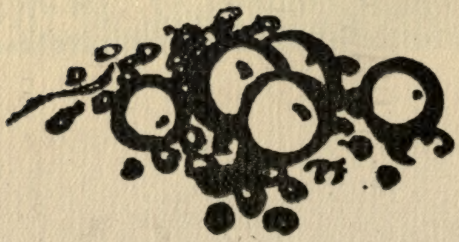


TIME, YOU OLD GIPSY MAN.

Time, YOU OLD GIPSY MAN.

TIME, you old gipsy man,
Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan
Just for one day?

ALL things I'll give you
Will you be my guest,
Bells for your jennet
Of silver the best,
Goldsmiths shall beat you
A great golden ring,
Peacocks shall bow to you,
Little boys sing,
Oh, and sweet girls will
Festoon you with may,
Time, you old gipsy,
Why hasten awa y?



LAST week in Babylon,
Last night in Rome,
Morning, and in the crush
Under Paul's dome ;
Under Paul's dial
You tighten your rein—
Only a moment,
And off once again ;
Off to some city
Now blind in the womb,
Off to another
Ere that's in the tomb.

TIME, you old gipsy man,
Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan
Just for one day?

EVE.

Eve.

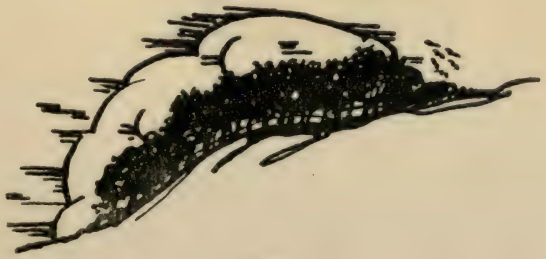
EVE, with her basket, was
Deep in the bells and grass,
Wading in bells and grass
Up to her knees,
Picking a dish of sweet
Berries and plums to eat,
Down in the bells and grass
Under the trees.

MUTE as a mouse in a
Corner the cobra lay,
Curled round a bough of the
Cinnamon tall. . . .
Now to get even and
Humble proud heaven and
Now was the moment or
Never at all.

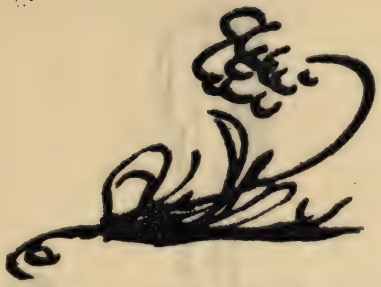
"EVA!" Each syllable
Light as a flower fell,
"Eva!" he whispered the
Wondering maid,
Soft as a bubble sung
Out of a linnet's lung,
Soft and most silverly
"Eva!" he said.

PICTURE that orchard
sprite,
Eve, with her body white,
Supple and smooth to her
Slim finger tips,
Wondering, listening,
Listening, wondering,
Eve with a berry
Half-way to her lips.

OH had our simple Eve
Seen through the make-
believe !
Had she but known the
Pretender he was !
Out of the boughs he came,
Whispering still her name,
Tumbling in twenty rings
Into the grass.



HERE was the strangest
pair
In the world anywhere,
Eve in the bells and grass
Kneeling, and he
Telling his story low. . . .
Singing birds saw them go
Down the dark path to
The Blasphemous Tree.



OH what a clatter when
Titmouse and Jenny Wren
Saw him successful and
Taking his leave !
How the birds rated him,
How they all hated him !
How they all pitied
Poor motherless Eve !

PICTURE her crying
Outside in the lane,
Eve, with no dish of sweet
Berries and plums to eat,
Haunting the gate of the
Orchard in vain. . . .
Picture the lewd delight
Under the hill to-night—
"Eva!" the toast goes round,
"Eva!" again.

THREE POEMS.

BABYLON—where I go
dreaming
When I weary of to-day,
Weary of a world grown gray.

GOD loves an idle rainbow,

No less than labouring seas.

REASON has moons, but
moons not hers
Lie mirror'd on her sea,
Confounding her astronomers,
But, O ! delighting me.

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Hodgson, Ralph
Eve

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